

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 15. No. 4. June, 1942.





# **Australian Jockey Club**

## **WINTER MEETING**

To be held at **RANDWICK**  
**Saturday, June 13th,**  
**1942**

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### **PRINCIPAL EVENTS**

#### **THE JUNE PLATE**

of **£650** . . . . . Six Furlongs

#### **THE WINTER PLATE**

of **£750** . . . . . One Mile and Five Furlongs

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**Geo. T. Rowe, Secretary**



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney*

Vol. 15. No. 4



June, 1942

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The Club's long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 12th September, 1942.



# The Club Man's Diary

**JUNE BIRTHDAYS:** 1st, Mr. I. Green; 2nd, Mr. G. B. Murtough; 5th, Mr. F. A. Comins; 7th, Mr. Hans J. Robertson; 9th, Mr. S. Baker; 11th, Messrs. A. E. Bailey and C. E. Young; 14th, Mr. S. E. Thomas; 15th, Messrs. E. H. Knight and J. L. Ruthven; 16th, Mr. Frank Shepherd; 17th, Dr. J. C. B. Allen; 18th, Mr. R. A. Cullen-Ward; 19th, Mr. N. Schureck; 20th, Messrs. F. G. Underwood and C. R. Cornwell; 29th, Messrs. A. J. Genge and C. A. Shepherd.

\* \* \*

**YOU SHOULD KNOW** why Cable Boy didn't win the James Barnes Plate. From the time Bill Kelso's ch. g. approached the leaders I rode him all the way. He had to hump my 9 st. 7 lb. in addition to the 6 st. 9 lb. allotted by Fred Wilson. This was unfortunate for the stable. In other circumstances, I am certain that Cable Boy would have won.

The bookmakers should be delighted to know that my judgment cost them a little in easy money.

When the whisper went round in the official stand that I had supported Cable Boy straight out—none of your half-measures for me — legion good judges (John Hickey included) thereupon decided to scale down their investments by half, and by-pass the bookmakers for the place tote.

In the end I felt like a lonely hot-gospeller stationed at a deserted street corner, with a truth-compelling message to deliver, but no one to listen. Eventually, when I heard the official announcer calling Cable Boy's name, I thought that he — the announcer, not Cable Boy—must have been joking. That could never happen at Randwick—where jokes are barred—I convinced myself; and so proceeded desperately to ride against Munro. It was a magnificent go; but weight told in the last few strides. It was too much to ask of Cable Boy to carry 9 st. 7 lb. over. But I was greatly bucked up to hear Darby Munro say as we passed the post: "Well ridden, sir" . . . Then I slunk into a corner and tore up my straight-out ticket.

Ossie Imber's retrospect of the James Barnes Plate, in the "Daily Mirror," revived memories. I could call up the scene of James Barnes himself standing among friends eager to console him when his elect, Sathmoth, was touched off in 1933 by New King. James Barnes didn't need consoling. He was not that sort. "Great race," summed up the feelings of the grand old sportsman.

A peculiar incident happened in the following year, when Journal won. On the Saturday morning before setting out for Randwick, while conversing over the telephone with a friend, I happened to say: "Let's back him (meaning let us assist him); he's a fellow-journalist." The green-grocer delivering the week-end order overheard my conversation, which had ended: "See you at Randwick." He took it that I had given a tip to back Journal.

When later, he confessed to eavesdropping, he acknowledged having won a tenner. I did not enlighten him as to my actual words. He was happy—and so was I in the thought that one man, at least, had faith in my judgment.

\* \* \*

Silver Standard, the horse of many seconds, was made favourite in 1938, but finished out of a place. Andy Knox rode Silenus to victory.

Three great riders in the late J. Pratt, W. Lappen and M. Papworth all won the James Barnes Plate which of course, was instituted during the lifetime of James Barnes to do him honour. Since his passing, the race serves to keep his memory green. A generation will arise to which his name and his sporting deeds and his leadership in Tattersall's Club will be a tradition; and that also the James Barnes Plate will help to retain.

\* \* \*

Randwick, in all its history, never looked quite like it did at this meeting. The whole course, and the official stand, in particular, was invested with a martial atmosphere. Soldiers, fully accoutred, moved among the crowd. Some stood solemnly on guard throughout the after-

noon. The area of the official stand was extended for the entire frontage to the outside pavement.

The barrier to this enclosure was a row of forms. An attractive Aussie wench said to a gat-carrying American: "I could easily hop over there." He replied: "Rather high, isn't it?" She cracked back: "Not after the steps to many of our Sydney trams."

One of the gatted-guardsmen addressed me: "Our boys are betting out there, but only in peanuts compared with what the Diggers are putting on. Oh, boy, how do the Aussies bet!"

The crowd did the club honour in numbers—34,000. Some were talking in terms of its being a record. Not nearly so. The Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) told me that the record in crowds for a meeting conducted by Tattersall's Club was the 80,000 at Randwick on 9th Sept., 1922, when the star attraction was Beauford v. Gloaming in the Chelmsford Stakes.

Stephen Cole eyed enviously the well-rugged humans. Feeling the chill that catches one on the stairway, Mr. Cole declared that one wasn't as young as when one came first to Randwick, and should provide against that mysterious "Randwick wind" which blows up suddenly from nowhere.

Harald Baker told me of the passing of Paddy Carew, who in the nineties repped for N.S.W. at Rugby Union and, later, for Queensland at Rugby Union and at cricket. Paddy was a strikingly handsome man, and as good by nature as in appearance. He has gone to line up with a splendid company, as I remembered them in my boyhood.

\* \* \*

Over a drink with Harald Baker and K. A. Wooldridge the latter mentioned that he had lived for some years in parts of Queensland, including Stanthorpe. "Did you meet any of the — family?" I asked, mentioning a branch of our people. "I bought from one of them in 1920 the leading hotel," Mr. Wooldridge said. "His title to the property went back to the early seventies."



They on my mother's side were settled on the Darling Downs long before the seventies. My mother, youngest of her family, was born in Queensland, New South Wales. Work that out. Her mother, laid to rest in Toowoomba, was two years of age when the Battle of Waterloo was fought, and saw two years of the Great War (1914-18). Work that out, too.

\* \* \*

Bert Cruttenden was chucking a chest, proclaiming that he had picked a winner all on his own. As he was speaking, the official broadcaster broke in: "There's a protest on that race." It sounded swell to me as a backer of the second horse—the first of three seconds supported during the afternoon. Cable Boy and Fearless were the others.

Not having my eye glued on a particular horse in any race, save in the James Barnes Plate, I thought that, apart from that race, the greatest showings at the meeting, game and attractive efforts, were made by Winnipeg in the Flying and Shining Night in the Novice. That both had failed to score didn't in the least detract from the merit of their performances.

"Handsome is as handsome does," sagely observed a member in reply to a quip that Bangster was "the weediest of weeds to look upon." What the two-year-old did in token of time, with 9.9 aboard, stamped him as a good 'un. Looks don't pay dividends.

At this stage in the chronicle I might as well get off my pet hate—many of the names of the 'orses must have been picked out with a pin.

Dave Craig flaunted a red rose that even Omar might have coveted to hang in the hair of his current eye-ful with the trim ankles and capacious bosom. It should be added that Mr. Craig admires Omar poetically, without necessarily approving his appetites in other respects.

As you all are aware, the meeting was conducted to aid the finances of the Prisoners of War Fund. This worthy object will benefit in the sum of approximately £3,500, that representing the net proceeds of the day.

\* \* \*

Mr. T. Keith Smith has received a letter from his son, Gunner K. M.

Smith, stating that he is a prisoner of war in Rabaul. The lad adds that the captive Australians are being well treated and that the food is good.

\* \* \*

It costs the Red Cross £1 a week to send a parcel a week to every Australian who is held prisoner of war. By the time the contact is secured with our men who are held by the Japanese, the total cost to



(By courtesy R.P.A. Journal.)

*Prince Alfred Hospital Medical Officers of the 10th and 13th A.G.H., who remained in Singapore: Lt.-Col. Cotter Harvey, Major K. Fagan, Major E. A. Marsden, Lt.-Col. W. A. Bye and Capt. F. H. Mills. Major Marsden has been a member of the Club since 1936.*

Australia for our prisoners in all theatres will exceed £1,000,000 a year.

This huge task can be made light if every street will undertake to find at least £1 a week until the men are released by the victory of the British and Allied arms.

But if you want to subscribe personally £1 a week—to take the place of a whole street of people—phone the Red Cross.

\* \* \*

Rupert Law, of Orange, died on May 5. He had been a member of this club since 19/10/35, and was greatly esteemed.

\* \* \*

John Mayo lived for 81 full years. When he passed on May 26 it seemed that a light had been extinguished out of the long past. John Mayo not only claimed a name famous in rac-

ing, but he lived up to its record. Among the great horses he trained were Blue Spec, Blue Book, Sequence, The Fortune Hunter and Cadonia, whose performances are too well known to sportsmen to need repeating here. John Mayo joined Tattersall's Club on September 27, 1897.

I believe that Cadonia (part owned by J. C. Williamson) was named after a musical attraction, "The King of Cadonia." The Fortune Hunter was also named after a J.C.W. play.

\* \* \*

When Cadonia won the Sydney Cup in 1917 I did a terrible thing. My mother, down from Brisbane on holiday, had been tipped Cadonia, and believed her information worth a fiver. I chipped in to say that Cadonia had frequent days when he would not do his best in a race after splendid track trials; further, that when a nag named (I believe) Matouree was on the track

Cadonia would not gallop at all; indeed, one morning he had to be driven out with a whip.

My mother listened, but did not seem depressed. Station-bred herself, she had an eye for a horse, and "liked the lines" of Cadonia, as she put it.

However, I prevailed upon her to pin the favour of her fiver to another starter. . . . You know what happened. It was Cadonia's galloping day. The fact that my mother did not reprove me made me feel all the more miserable. I swore there and then, never again to put man or woman off a horse picked out personally.

That is one of the good resolutions I have respected.

\* \* \*

From a club veteran: John Mayo was the son of James Mayo, and the nephew of John Mayo, of Lord

(Continued on Page 4.)



# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Cardigan fame, whose first really great possession was the mare Black Swan, dam of Lady Trenton. Lady Trenton was by Trenton, and was the dam of Lord Cardigan and the grandam of Lord Nolan. Lord Nolan's dam was Lady Libia, daughter of Lady Trenton.

Ernie Mayo, son of John Mayo, and cousin of "Black Jack," trained Lord Nolan, when it won the Melbourne Cup.

"Black Jack" was born in the Maitland district, and as a lad worked for Charlie Brackering when the latter owned Tom Brown. This horse got its name by reason of the fact that, when it was sold by auction under the judge's box on the old Maitland course, now Maitland Park, the new owner when offered immediate delivery said: "Oh, take him up to Tom Brown's." Tom Brown was the licensee of a hotel.

The horse, Tom Brown, was in the smash in that Caulfield Cup when (among others) Prince Imperial, with Frank McGrath in the saddle, came down. Frank worked for John Mayo, "Black Jack's" uncle, in his early life.

\* \* \*

Club-member Stan Thomas writes from Wagga:

While in Bourke recently I required the services of a drover. A man who had brought in cattle from Cunnamulla for me said he would take on the job if he could get labour. Spotting an abo, the man put it up to him.

"What wages, boss?" the abo inquired.

"Oh, the usual," he was told, "£1 a week and tucker."

"No fear," the abo answered. "wages now gone up to £1 a day and tucker—and you pay the wages tax, boss."

\* \* \*

Mr. Thomas adds:

Travelling cattle recently, my only hope of getting grass was by way of a station property. A city jackeroo galloped up and said we might go through. But the fellow kept with us, riding on our right and edging the cattle in. Finally I told an able-

bodied stockman of mine to ride up to the jackeroo, make a pretence about a challenge to fight, offer to take his coat off and bluff him away. The jackeroo still stuck on, however.

At the boundary of the property the jackeroo said: "My job finishes here." Then, addressing my able-bodied stockman, he asked: "Now would you like to take your coat off?"

The stockman accepted the challenge. They closed in. The stockman fell. He rose and fell for a second and a third time. The third time he did not rise. This is an example of the surprises one meets with travelling stock.

\* \* \*

## POLLUX PROVED IT

It is a long cry from Pollux, the steel-knuckled thumper of antiquity, to McCoy, the gloved cavalier of the Sydney Stadium era; but they were linked recently by a conversation in Club.

A man of academic degrees—one who found time also to be a keen sportsman—said to me: "Nowadays, we hear a good deal about diet; physical diet. Little about mental diet." He thought that too much emphasis was being placed on the physical.

Hasn't it been so always? The amphitheatres in history have rocked to the deeds of the gladiators, the charioteers, the bull-fighters, the bruisers, much the same as to-day. Scientists, jurists, sculptors, even journalists, and their kin on the mental plane are numbered among the obscurities by all save the historians. "The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome" fires us poetically (or some of us). Facts are that the rewards go mostly to the men of muscle.

That isn't any argument against the plea of my friend in Club that every opportunity should be taken to improve the mind.

Herb. McCoy who, 20 years ago, met and beat the best at Sydney Stadium started life from scratch. As he physically built up a competence, Herb. turned to the attractions of the

mind. He read good books; he sought the company of people who would add to his mental stature. A grand fellow, withal.

\* \* \*

When Randwick trainer, Peter Riddle was a lad, his father owned a horse who won a hunt, a trot, and a galloping event all in the same afternoon. This versatile animal was named Jerry Doolan, and he landed the treble at a sports meeting at Canowindra.

\* \* \*

Capt. A. E. Lundgren deserves a place in the merriest segment of Paradise, replete with smorgosboard and refrigerated delicacies; not forgetting the finale of Swedish punch. Haven't I dined with Capt. Lundgren and those hearty, hospitable Swedes—and haven't I groaned next day!

Now that the captain has passed—he died in Sydney 18/5/42—the company will have to appoint another chairman to lead them in the Vikings' Song. The setting will be there, but the presence of the Prince of Good Fellows will be missing, alas!

Capt. Lundgren held several high Swedish decorations and a British decoration. What he did for Britain in the previous war stamped him as a man of high principle and daring.

He joined Tattersall's Club on December 16, 1935.

\* \* \*

A popular club member for fifteen years—he was elected on January 17th, 1927—Ernest James Kendall died on May 5th. Always interested in sport, Mr. Kendall was the father of Bill Kendall, also a club member, who represented Australia as a swimmer at the Olympic Games in Berlin. The late Mr. Kendall passed away at the comparatively early age of 52, and came to Australia from Nova Scotia in 1910. He was at Rabaul with the First Expeditionary Force. After the war he worked for the B.H.P. until he and Mr. Bradford resigned and went into their own business. A racing, sailing, and ice hockey enthusiast, Mr. Kendall captained the N.S.W. ice-hockey team for some years and practically fathered the game in Australia.



# ROMANCE OF AUSTRALIAN SHIPBUILDING

(By Edward Samuel)

Australia has been building ships—including armed vessels—since the end of the 18th century.

The first vessel launched in Sydney was the schooner Francis, from Dawe's Point in 1792. The framework of this 41-ton schooner was brought out from England in one of the units of the First Fleet, and she was assembled by the carpenter of the Sirius. It is interesting to note in these days of well-filled pay envelopes that his wages were two shillings a day and rations!

Australia first took her place among the shipbuilding countries of the world during the Great War.

When the submarine menace was taking a heavy toll of Allied ship-ping, New South Wales undertook the construction of six merchant ships. Cockatoo Dock having been taken over by the Federal Government in 1913, the State Government had to look for another site. Walsh Island was chosen as being not only the best site in New South Wales, but the best in Australia, handy to unlimited supplies of coal and steel from the Newcastle steelworks, which, incidentally, pioneered the rolling of plates for shipbuilding in Australia. At Walsh Island, in 1918, the Acting Minister for the Navy, Mr. A. Poynton, laid the keels of the first three of the ships New South Wales had undertaken to construct. The keel of the fifth, the Enoggera, was laid by the then Prince of Wales during his visit in June, 1920.

1920 was an important year for ship-building, for in July the first all-Australian vessel of heavy tonnage was completed. She was the collier Biloela, built for the Australian Navy at Cockatoo to an Australian design and of Australian steel. At that time

she was the largest ship built in the Southern Hemisphere. The previous "largest in the Southern Hemisphere" was another Australian-built ship—the cruiser Brisbane, launched in 1915 from Cockatoo Dock.

The first armed vessel to be constructed in Australia was the schooner Cumberland, completed in 1800. She was armed for the purpose of pursuing convicts who were in the cheerful habit of stealing ships to escape in. Though of only 28 tons burthen, the Cumberland was fitted out in 1803 to take Captain Matthew

65 tons which was launched on April 4th, 1855, the event "marking the advent of a period not far distant when New South Wales shall possess a flotilla of her own capable of defending her sea coast against all foreign invasion." She was built of ironbark and blackbutt, and was armed with a swivel gun amidships, the gun itself weighing 230 lb. She was appropriately named the Spitfire.

Ships' names have always held a fascination, though nowadays the naming of them seems to be a lost art.

But in the "good old days," before owners became atlas-minded, there were names among the sailing ships and the early steamers which would stir the most land-lubberly-names like Wings of the Wind, Pride of the Morning, Red Jacket, Cock o' the Walk, Sprightly Sarah and Wild Irish Girl. A number were called after women, though many sailors believed that women brought bad luck, and sometimes facts bore out their contention.

There was the Grace Harwan, for instance. One of the masters took his wife aboard with him. The crew heard continual quarrelling between the two of them, with cries and shrieks thrown in. When the wife died the crew accused the master of having murdered her. His reply was to pickle her corpse in salt and take it home for a post-mortem!

Gallant wooden ships and gallant steel ships, Australia has built them both. Some have died gloriously in tempest and hurricanes; some have ended their days ingloriously as break-waters or coal hulks; some, like H.M.A.S. Yarra, have gone down fighting. All of them have upheld the British tradition of men who go down to the sea in ships.



Flinders to England. She reached the Isle de France in a leaking condition. Flinders himself was taken a prisoner and held for six years, and the Cumberland was left to rot in the harbour of Port Louis.

Incidentally it was the possibility of attempted escapes by convicts that led to the restriction on shipbuilding in the early days. No one was allowed to build a ship without a permit.

The honour of being Australia's first home-built man-o'-war goes to a "trim and staunch" little vessel of



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# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

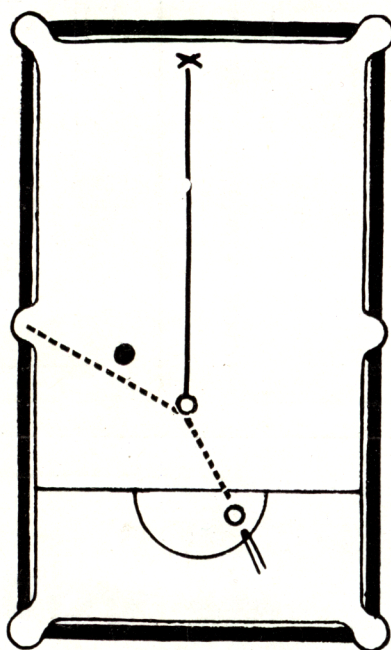
## Soft Stroking for Positional Play and a Sound Knowledge of the Rules is Essential to Better Billiards and Snooker

Watching a game in the club during the past month, I noted many players inclined to use far more strength than necessary when playing the easiest of shots. The hard hitter is invariably the consistent fluker and no one worth his salt wants to be dubbed a fluker.

In New South Wales many years back we had a left-hand champion, Wally Parker, who was very forceful in his stroking and was an expert player to boot. But he never reached real championship form. "Just hit them fast enough to make them do their job" is an accepted truism in billiards, and the veriest amateur will improve his game if he follows the rule slavishly. But, the hard hitter sometimes gets a bit of his own back, and a story is told of Sir John Booth, who played a classic snooker charity match recently with world's champion Joe Davis as opponent. The venue was London and Davis was called upon to concede 125 points start in one game! Sir John maintained that such a start was impossible to anyone possessing normal eyesight, and he proved his argument in his own particular way. He only plays one game each year, and does not pretend to know even the first thing about it. Davis made many useful breaks but, of course, had to rely on snookering his opponent to make up the leeway. Actually Joe collected 38 in penalties, but still lost the match. Sir John kept belting a ball in here and there and although Davis, with a wink to onlookers, placed three reds back on the table while the knight's back was turned, he had no chance in the final tally.

Sir John is an American, and freely quotes his formula: "I don't know anything about this silly game, but if you ram that little white ball with terrific force it might go into the right pocket—that is, if it really has a definite objective—or it might go in somewhere else, or, if you hit it hard enough, may knock some other ball into an aperture." Experienced

players would say "let me at him" or words to that effect, but it goes on history that in his annual game Sir John has never met defeat. Further, he glories in the title of world's greatest fluker, and maintains he plays shots that even Walter Lindrum knows nothing about. Few will argue on that point. But, players who would improve their game



Walter Lindrum, world's champion, shows an excellent example of "soft" positional play. With the first stroke a slow losing hazard is played into the centre pocket and the object-ball dropped just behind the billiard spot. The second shot is a winning hazard on the red, while the cue-ball will run up the table for the easiest of all positions. Hard hitting is fatal.

should learn to control the balls and make them fall to rest in something like proximity to plan. It is not so difficult as it seems, but few try it.

Incidentally, in the game referred to, Davis played a "fast one" which became the subject for debate in the highest circles.

With only the pink and black on the table, Joe had to score 14 to win, and the pink was right over the centre pocket with the cue-ball only inches away. What to do? Once the pink went down the game was over, but Joe found a way out by deliber-

ately potting the pink and going in after—a "six shot." That meant that while Sir John collected another six points and Joe needed two snookers to win, he still had a chance. The marker, however, declared the shot foul because the striker had deliberately contravened the rules, and the Billiards and Control Council backed his judgment. Obviously it was one of those games when the winner did not matter, and Davis showed remarkably quick thinking in an awkward position. He says he is glad he played as stated, because he learned a very valuable rule about which he knew nothing previously.

There is a rule on the books, too, that the marker is sole referee of any situation unless an official has been previously appointed. With that in view, the Billiards and Control Council has set about finding five thousand certificated referees with a view to better all-round interpretation of the laws of all billiards games.

The rules have always been a fascinating study, and to the keen student there can be no more interesting way of testing his knowledge than by qualifying for a certificate. When our own club tournaments come round again it may be found advantageous for the committee to elect some members well versed to be on tap during the progress of important heats. That, of course, is just a thought in passing.

Here is a rule, hoary with age, anent what happens to a colour ball potted when all spots are occupied. Only the other day I watched, with astonished eye, a marker place the blue ball, in such a case, smack up against the top cushion behind the black. I told him where to place it, namely, as near its own spot as possible and between that and the top cushion, and even then he did it wrongly. He allowed the blue to touch another ball.

The moral of all that has been written is to first read the rules and, secondly, try to improve your game by intelligent stroking of the softer variety to bring about easy position.



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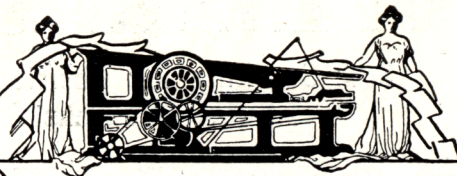
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# MAKE IT SNAPPY!

(By E. J. Gravestock)

Giving a name or title to a book or story is a very important matter, more so than naming a racehorse; for on it very often depends whether it is read or passed by, whereas if a racehorse is given a name that does not attract, it makes no difference to the owner, although some racing journalists maintain that a badly named horse rarely becomes famous. This thought was prompted by a remark made to me by George Griffiths, junr., who, in addition to being the best dressed man in the Picture business in Melbourne, controls over forty Picture Theatres in the Melbourne suburbs, and in his spare time reads the Club Magazine. I asked him if he had read my article "Olla Podrida," which appeared in the February issue, and his reply caused me furiously to think, as our French cousins say. "No. I saw the title and I thought it was one of those er—er," he didn't finish his remark, but I caught on. Now George is an expert on titles; he knows what his million or so patrons like in the way of pictures, and studies the titles very closely. If one of his lieutenants was guilty of a spicy bit of juxtaposition such as "A Night in Bombay" with a "Nice Girl," he would doubtless hear from George in no uncertain terms. I therefore decided that from then on I should give any articles I wrote a bright, catchy title, irrespective of its contents. My decision was further strengthened when I remembered how often I had been put off reading a good book because the title gave no indication of what the story was about. A title that did, however, intrigue me recently was "Looking for Trouble," by the American woman Foreign Correspondent Virginia Cowles. She has been on nearly every battle front from the time of the Spanish rebellion, when she visited both sides; the Finnish-Russian campaign; the Libyan campaign; she was in Italy before they entered the arena; just arrived in Paris in time to get out to Bordeaux before the Germans took over, knew and

was persona grata with those in command on all fronts. A book was never more aptly named, for Virginia certainly went looking for trouble and got it. It amazed me that such a hard-bitten, experienced woman was able to conjure up help from her male contemporaries who came flying to her assistance whenever she was unable to extricate herself from an awkward situation, and who wheedled war-stained generals to allow her to visit the front lines to get a close-up of the fighting. The explanation was forthcoming when I saw her photograph and learnt that when she is not on active service Virginia is loafing around in silks and satins in a luxurious flat. She is a beautiful looking young woman, attractive enough to be a film star. No wonder the Italian General who met her in Rome invited her to return to Libya with him.

Another interesting war-time publication is "One Man's Year," by Bernard Newman, the famous writer of spy stories and many novels. In the first days of 1940, Newman was urgently sent to France to entertain the R.A.F. He is one of England's outstanding popular lecturers, and it was thought that something had to be done to combat the boredom which was eating into the minds of these young lads who were sitting around waiting for something to happen, and never did. Concert parties and pictures were not enough, and they got tired of the inevitable ballet girls in the abbreviated skirts. Newman's lectures concerned European affairs, travel, and espionage, his most discussed subject was a talk on the Maginot Line; that was, of course, before the collapse of France. After his lectures he invited questions, which invariably showed a high standard of intelligence in his listeners. Newman had many experiences, some of them highly diverting, especially in the early days before he got things properly organised. He illustrated his lectures with lantern slides, and

sometimes had as an assistant a soldier who knew nothing about the lantern or its operation. At this time a popular radio feature was a series of farcical sketches called "Itma," "Itma" being short for "It's that man again," and the R.A.F. never missed an opportunity of listening to it. In one of his lectures Newman opened up with a rapid review of the relations between France and Germany from the days of Charlemagne to those of Hitler. Among the pictures he showed was one of Cardinal Richelieu, looking strangely like George Arliss. The Sergeant operating the lantern had never seen such an apparatus at close quarters before; he was of course in the dark, and his fingers were frozen. The slides began to appear upside down and back to front—which, of course, got a great laugh. This apparently rattled the Sergeant and he could not get rid of the slide of Cardinal Richelieu. Altogether, in the course of the lecture, Richelieu appeared on the screen no less than five times. On the second and each subsequent appearance he was greeted by the men with loud cries of "Itma! Itma!" In between his visits to the Continent, Newman lectured to the troops in England, and included a visit to the training quarters of a Polish squadron, a considerable number of whom had mastered English. One man confessed to a slight error of phrase, due, he claimed, to a lack of detail in the dictionary. He wanted to say to his hostess "God preserve you." What he did say was "God pickle you." The best Polish story concerns three soldiers who were practising their English. They were discussing the wife of a colleague who was unhappy because she was childless.

"She is unbearable," said one.

"No. That is the wrong word. She is inconceivable," a second corrected.

"No, no. You, too, are wrong,"

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# MAKE IT SNAPPY!

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said the third. "What you mean to say is that she is impregnable."

After the collapse of France the Ministry of Information decided to appoint two staff lecturers to address a series of meetings all over England, not for propaganda, but for information. Normally the meetings would have been addressed by Cabinet Ministers, but these were, of course, too busy, and ordinary members of parliament would not draw a crowd outside their own constituency. The qualifications of the lecturers were to be breadth of experience, ability as a speaker, and a name big enough to attract large audiences. From a long list of names Sir Paul Dukes and Bernard Newman were asked to take the job. Newman tells how that during 1940 he gave 502 lectures on 28 subjects, not counting 200 short speeches and broadcasts. He travelled 30,000 miles and spent 1,500 hours of the journeys, often speaking at five meetings in one day. The gatherings numbered from 3,000 people in large cinemas to small gatherings of thirty or forty soldiers in some outpost in Scotland. His travels took him right through the air raids, which were at their worst in 1940, and he had many perilous adventures. On some occasions he would arrive in a town to find that the hall or theatre in which he was to speak had been bombed the night before. He also had some humorous adventures, one,

which Newman thought one of his best, and which was unfortunately unrepeatable to mixed audiences, he prints in his book in the hope that his readers would not object unduly to the frequent use of an old English word. Personally, I thought the word he refers to had become purely Australian.

In the North, Newman writes, as in other parts of England, a man will adopt a word, printable or otherwise, and become so fond of it that he introduces it not merely into every sentence, but into every phrase. One Midland town was raided while he was staying the night, and he wandered about to see how the people reacted. About dawn he came across a man who was sweeping up something in his tiny front garden.

"Anything happened?" he asked.

"Aye," the man said. "I heard a bloody row, and I come down the bloody stairs, and I saw that they'd dropped one of them bloody incendiary bombs near my bloody fence. Well, I scratched my bloody head, and I thought, 'Now what do I do with this bloody thing? Nowt,' I said, 'it's the bloody landlord's fence, anyhow.' Then I thought, 'No, why should bloody Hitler have the bloody fence? I'll tackle the bloody thing.' Well, you know they'd sent me a bloody booklet, but I couldn't find the bloody thing. Anyhow, I got a

bloody shovel. I put it under the bloody bomb, and I tipped it into a bloody bucket of water. Then I didn't know what to do with the bloody thing, so I took it to the bloody Police Station."

"Oh," said Newman, "so you've got out of your first air raid very cheaply."

"No, I haven't," he retorted. "The b—rs have kept my bloody bucket."

So far this war we have not been visited by any war correspondents giving lectures on their experiences. Last war we had a crop of them, including Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, the brilliant war correspondent who caused the fame of the Anzacs to be blazoned across the world, through their deeds at the Dardanelles; Lowell Thomas with his lecture "With Allenby in Palestine," and Fred Coleman. I managed Ashmead-Bartlett's tour for the Taits, which would have been much more successful had he been allowed to tell all he knew, but the Military Censorship was very strict. They demanded a complete script of his lectures before he appeared. Shipping was very uncertain, and the boat he was arriving in Sydney on, the Niagara, I think, reached the docks about 48 hours before his first lecture. Bartlett could not give a verbatim copy of his lecture, as he always spoke impromptu. The difficulty was overcome by his giving his promise not to speak on certain subjects which the censors set

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## MAKE IT SNAPPY!

(Continued from page 10.)

out. In New Zealand the censors were even more careful; they sent a Major from headquarters staff to travel around with us, and he had to sit in the audience every night to check up on Bartlett. He was a very nice chap, and has since risen high in the service, but I think he got thoroughly bored with the lectures half way through the tour. We travelled three very large maps of the Gallipoli area, and it was difficult to get them hung, especially in Town Halls. In Auckland we could not get them straight, and they were hanging at all angles. Bartlett opened his talk with "Ladies and Gentlemen, you have a very fine Town Hall here, but unfortunately no provision was made to hang anything. If you wanted to hang the Town Council, you couldn't do it."

It is strange that advantage has not been taken of the presence in this country of some of America's Ace Foreign correspondents to get them to lecture on their experiences in Europe, and to put us in touch with the viewpoint of peoples in the Old World. Both England and America go in for lecturers of all sorts. In Australia lecturers are rarely heard outside of Universities. I have long held the opinion that a good popular lecturer with a variety of subjects would be highly successful in this country, but they are hard to get. There are plenty with one subject, which is all that is required in Great Britain and the United States, as there are so many towns and societies that they can keep on going with the one lecture. Even famous musicians have to polish up their repertoire when they come to Australia, and dig out works which they have probably not played or sung for years. I had two very successful tours with Alexander Watson, the famous English entertainer. He was a great personality with an astounding repertoire, consisting of Shakespeare's plays, writings of Dickens,

Barrie, Kipling and other novelists and poets. He played every night for a month in Melbourne, and only repeated his most popular works, occupying the stage for two hours with only a chair as support or stage decoration. Watson asked me not to advertise him as an elocutionist—it reminded him too much of the school-boy howler, "In America people are put to death by elocution."

In England many lectures are staged at Public Libraries. In Liverpool the Corporation runs half a dozen first-class lectures every week, and admission is free. One of the most enterprising boroughs in London is Stepney. It raises funds for its lectures from the fines incurred by delays in return of books. In peacetime three lectures a week are staged. Some other libraries can draw upon private benefactors or ancient foundations, but most have to depend upon local amateur lecturers or societies with speakers free—usually with a slight propagandist touch.

The United States is over-run with Music and Ladies' Clubs, which vary in size according to the population of the town. The Music Clubs are very highly organised. The plan of campaign usually is for an expert organiser to go into a town, contact the important people, give a dinner with a number of hand-picked guests, with the Mayor or leading social light in the chair, and after dinner the organiser tells his story, which in effect means that if they can get 1,000 subscribers at three, four, or five guineas each, they will bring six international artists to be selected from a list by the local committee to be selected from the subscribers. The number and quality of the artists is governed by the number of subscribers and the amount of the subscription. An energetic local secretary is appointed, and an intensive campaign is undertaken to secure subscribers. The organiser later returns to the town with

some more pep talk, and a closing date is fixed, after which no more subscriptions are taken. The schedule of entertainments to be dependent on the result of the campaign. Under no circumstances are single tickets sold. If Kreisler, Richard Crooks, Lawrence Tibbett or any other star comes to town, neither love nor money will get a non-subscriber in. The advantages to the organising agency are, of course, very important. In the first place they have practically no local expenses after their initial campaign, and it is rare for a newly-formed society not to increase its membership each year. With a hundred or more towns guaranteed in this fashion, the agency can then bargain with the stars at a flat rate for prolonged tours. The same procedure is followed with literary societies and clubs with Lecturers, Novelists and Scientists as their entertainers.

Bernard Newman experienced a number of difficulties when he first commenced his talks to the troops. Many officers regarded a lecture as a strange compliment or rival to a concert party or film. They did not appreciate that the army of to-day differs very considerably from that of thirty years ago—that it now comprises a complete cross-section of the manhood of the nation, and that not all men find their relaxation in dancing girls and gangsters. The A.B.C. is taking its Concert Orchestras to the camps for light classical concerts, and I offer the suggestion to the organisers of camp entertainments that they should adopt the plan of sending competent men to talk to the troops on subjects connected with the war, and invite questions for the lecturer to answer. All of us have doubts on many phases of the war, which a qualified speaker could no doubt explain away, given the necessary opportunity. Many C.O.'s are fully qualified to keep up the morale of officers and men under their charge, but others are less fortunate, and regular visits from qualified and experienced speakers would provide mental entertainment, and dispose of many grumblers.



# Last Days of the "Bismarck"

Condensed from Harper's Magazine—Edwin Muller

To Naval experts the sinking of the pride of the German navy was an important professional case study. For 20 years they had been building ships and training men to fight them; this was the first real test of a modern battleship against the newest types of fighting ships and planes. Problems of morale were involved as well: what kept men steady and courageous, what unnerved them in the supreme ordeal?

The navies of every nation have used their utmost resources to gather every scrap of information obtainable, and it is now possible to tell the dramatic story of what happened aboard the great ship during her last fateful days. Every fact, every incident here related is wholly authentic.

On the night of May 22, 1941, the "Bismarck," accompanied by the cruiser "Prince Eugen," left the Norwegian coast and headed for the broad passage between Greenland and Iceland. At dawn on the 24th the enemy was sighted — Britain's largest ship of war, the famous old battle-cruiser "Hood." Then another warship appeared, the "Prince of Wales."

The "Hood" opened first and the "Bismarck" answered with all her turrets. Then the German directed her fire at the "Prince of Wales." The latter, injured, was unable to keep up with the running fire. It was a duel between "Bismarck" and "Hood."

At the "Bismarck's" third salvo a cloud of smoke billowed up from the foredeck of the "Hood." She listed to port, then buckled and broke in two. The stern half sank at once, the other floated for several minutes, then slowly slid beneath the surface.

To every nook and corner of the "Bismarck" the news ran swiftly. There were outbursts of wild cheering. The top deck, empty during the action, was now full of officers and men singing and embracing each other.

The "Bismarck" had paid a cheap price for the destruction of Britain's biggest ship. She had been hit, but her injuries were trivial. A mere

handful of men were wounded.

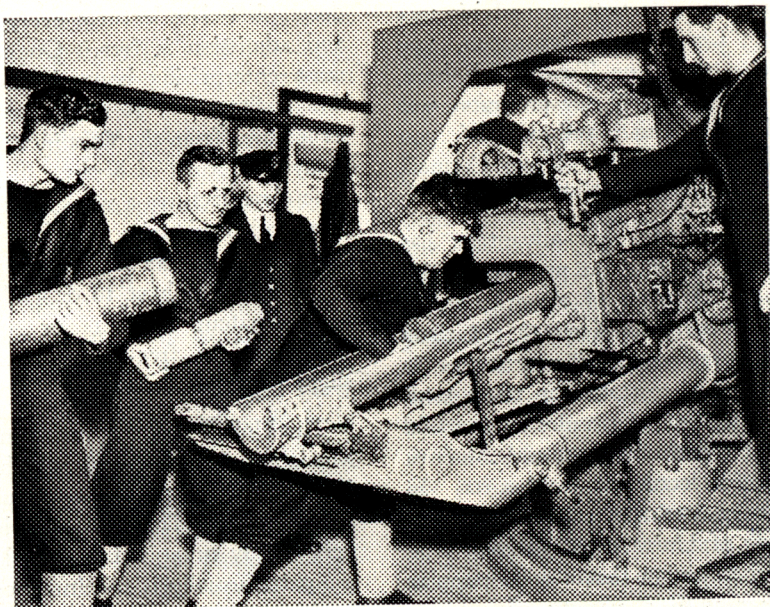
All that day and the next the jubilation went on. Admiral Luetjens mustered the crew on deck and made one of his fiery, triumphant speeches. The thunder of applause and the deep "Sieg Heil" went rolling out across the waves. It was the Admiral's 52nd birthday, which added a touch to the celebration.

An exulting radio message came from Hitler. The Fuhrer awarded the Knight's Insignia of the Iron Cross to the First Gunnery Officer, Commander Schneider. Other decorations came over the ether.

Germany, to-morrow the whole world." One thing they knew: Germans are invincible.

And this ship, too, was invincible. It was, indeed, by far the strongest warship ever built. No one outside the German High Command knew her actual tonnage. It is certain that it was far greater than the 35,000 to which she was limited by treaty. Some rate her at 50,000. In her trials she is said to have made 33 knots, faster than any British or U.S. battleship.

On deck she looked much like any other battleship. But below she was



*Training England's Naval Gunners.*

The busiest men on board were the motion-picture operators from Dr. Goebbels' office. They had filmed the action with the "Hood," now they were recording the ceremonies. Soon Berlin would see on the screen how Britain's rule of the ocean had been ended.

Most of the crew were young — in their early twenties. Aboard were also some 500 naval cadets, in their teens. This glorious victory was exactly what they had confidently expected. At their age they could hardly remember a world before Hitler. As Hitler Youth, unquestioning belief in the Master Race had been driven into their souls every waking hour: "To-day we rule

unique. Beneath the waterline she had five steel skins, each enclosing water-tight spaces. The crew had been told that the "Bismarck" was not only able to defeat any British ship, but that she could defeat any combination that could be brought against her. She was literally unsinkable. They believed that.

There were some on board, older men, who didn't believe it; for instance the commanding officer, Captain Lindemann. He knew that German ships could be sunk like any others. He was a quiet and capable officer, an old-style German navy man rather than a fervent party man.

But his superior officer was a Nazi of the Nazis. Vice-Admiral Gunther  
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# MEET THE JEEP

Condensed from Scientific American — (Jo Chamberlin)

The astonishing success of the homeliest and most useful item in the U.S. Army's rolling stock—the midget combat car.

In the Battle of Louisiana, September, 1941, invading tanks roared to the attack, but the defending forces didn't yield. Their lightning-fast jeeps towed anti-tank guns into strategic positions, outflanked the enemy tanks and destroyed them.

The Louisiana manoeuvres demonstrated the amazing abilities of Uncle Sam's newest invention, the rugged jeep, or bantam car. General George Marshall, Chief of Staff, calls it our main contribution to modern war. A War Department statement termed the jeep performance "sensational."

Our Army's youngest, smallest, toughest baby has a dozen pet names such as jeep, peep, blitz-buggy, leaping Lena, panzer-killer. The names are all affectionate, for the jeep has made good. Only a year old, it stole the show in Louisiana. Now the Army plans to have 75,000 of them.

At Camp Shelby, Miss., I made first-hand acquaintance with the jeep. It is a combat car 11 feet long, 56 inches wide, 40 inches high—half the height of your auto and three feet shorter. Weighing 2,200 pounds, it is rugged with power yet small enough to be flown in army transport planes. There are no doors, but safety straps keep you in as the car tears up steep slopes or around hair-raising turns. Normally it carries two passengers in front, one behind. In an emergency it can carry six, the extra men riding on flat front fenders. There are six speeds forward and two reverse. In mud, sand, or snow, power can be transmitted to all four wheels.

My guide, Lieut. Patrick Summerour, lifted up the hood.

"See that engine? Four cylinders, 60 horsepower. Plenty of zip, and easy to repair because of standard parts."

He pointed to a rear towing hook.

"You pull an anti-tank gun here. Civilians often ask why we don't fight tanks with tanks. Well, a jeep costs 900 dols., a tank 35,000 dols. And these tank-destroyers, towing anti-tank guns, can swarm

round enemy tanks and give 'em hell. It's like David and Goliath, only there are ten Davids for every Goliath."

No one man developed the jeep. In the fall of 1940, when the Army was about to buy a large number of motor cycles, the American Bantam Car Company offered the basic idea. The Army allotted funds for experimentation. General Marshall himself promoted the venture. The first car was delivered in 49 days and proved itself under stiff tests. The Army added ideas. Bantam, Ford and Willys now turn them out wholesale, from standardised blueprints.

Tests showed that the jeep could go places a motor cycle couldn't. A single sniper can cut down a motor cycle dispatch rider, letting orders fall into enemy hands. A jeep is a tougher proposition, for it carries armed men and machine guns. Besides, it is a clawing, climbing hellion in reaching good places to shoot from.

The jeep can also be used for reconnaissance and command work. It can serve as a radio patrol car, or to lay a smoke screen to hide the movement of heavy artillery. It can take ammunition, first aid or food to outposts, can evacuate wounded or get a gun crew out of a doomed position. It can cross bridges too weak for heavier cars, can reconnoitre rougher terrain. With a mounted 50-calibre machine gun it can help protect troop columns from airplane strafing.

The War Department has recently formed at Fort Benning the first airborne unit. Troops equipped with jeeps, motor cycles and folding bicycles are to be transported in planes, landing close on the heels of parachute troops.

I learned what it was like to ride in a jeep, across pine-studded acres at 50 miles an hour. The design gives no thought for the comfort of passengers. The seat "cushion" is merely a thin leather pad. Once Lieutenant Summerour straddled a half-

buried log, I visualised a shattered crankcase but was shown protective guard bars underneath. Grabbing special handles, we shoved the car easily off the log.

Strategists admire the jeep's "low silhouette." Only three and a third feet high, it is hard to spot in brush country, still harder to line a gun on. Any armour would cut down its speed, which is its protection.

"Let's take a tactical problem," suggested Summerour as we were driving along, "S'pose we are out, scouting the enemy, and he fires on us from a hidden position—we dive for cover."

He slammed on the brakes, turned sharply left, and stopped the car behind a protective knoll.

"When we locate the enemy fire," he went on, "and blast him. We're so low it's hard for him to see us."

We went on. Ahead of us was a huge live oak with gnarled branches close to the ground. "Duck!" he yelled. We roared under the lowest branch—the top of our car missing it by inches. We crossed a small stream, water flowing over the floor. But electric units are placed so that the 40-inch-high jeep can keep going through water 18 inches deep. We clawed our way up the 30-degree bank—twice as steep as you'll meet on the road.

Rivers are an army's worst obstacle, and raft or bridge builders offer splendid targets. Jeeps can be ferried across streams on three row-boats, on rafts of empty oil cans, or on logs wired together. Latest plan is to lay a tarpaulin on the ground, drive the bantam on it, fold up the sides, then drag it into the water. Car and tarpaulin will float with slight support.

Back in camp, Lieutenant Summerour gave me one more thrill. He drove the car up a narrow ramp to a railway loading platform, steered through the open door of a boxcar, and zipped down a ramp on the other side.

(Continued on Page 16.)



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# Last Days of the "Bismarck"

(Continued from Page 12.)

Luetjens was light of build — but he made up for it by a truculence of look and violence of spirit. He was an emotional leader who roused his men to high fervor. That he had corresponding fits of depression the crew did not know.

Morale had been high despite cramped living quarters. Besides the cadets and regular crew there were several hundred extras on board, making a total of some 2400. And the accommodations were none too large for the regular force. Space that other ships use for living quarters was here devoted to extra protection, elaborate compartmentation. The crew slept forward in hammocks swung so close together that they touched. Aft the junior officers were crowded four to a tiny room. The mess deck was dark and airless. But all realised that these discomforts were the price they paid for strength. Like giving up butter for guns.

There had been much speculation among the crew as to where they were going. Most of them thought it was a raiding expedition against British merchantmen, such as Luetjens had conducted so successfully with the "Scharnhorst" and the "Gneisenau." The extra men made that credible; they might be prize crews for captured vessels. Some had heard that the "Bismarck" was going to capture the Azores for the Reich. Others declared that they were headed for the Pacific to join the Japanese fleet. But that wasn't likely — no tropical kits had been issued.

Now the purpose was clear — they'd been destined to destroy the "Hood."

The exultant mood of victory can't be maintained indefinitely. The inevitable reaction came the second day. The "Prince Eugen" turned towards home. The weather had grown cold and overcast, with snow squalls, sleet and mist. Most of the men of the Bismarck had little experience of the vast emptiness of the ocean. They realised they were alone and far from home.

Presently they became aware that they were being hunted. Off the southern tip of Greenland, on the

morning of the 26th, a 'plane was heard. Soon an American-built Catalina appeared through a break in the clouds, almost overhead. Every A-A gun began to hammer, putting up a terrific barrage, and the 'plane disappeared. But a little later another was there watching. The crew had the feeling of long arms reaching towards them.

Then a disturbing rumor went around the ship. There'd been a quarrel between Luetjens and Captain Lindemann. Through his closed doors the Admiral was heard shouting angrily. Lindemann had pointed out that the British would now concentrate every available unit, that they would never rest until they had hunted down the "Bismarck." He urged the Admiral to turn toward home at once.

Luetjens angrily vetoed this suggestion. He announced to the crew that he was leading them on to more victories. They cheered and felt much better. Nevertheless they began to watch the horizon, hoping for reinforcements.

It wasn't help that came next day. There was a buzzing like a swarm of bees and a squadron of 'planes came over — the Royal Navy's Swordfish flying boats had found their quarry. One after the other they swooped close to the water, released their torpedoes and banked away. One torpedo struck full amidships. A column of water leaped higher than the masthead, and the ship was jolted from end to end. The damage control crew found that a compartment had been penetrated and filled with water.

It was no crippling damage, yet it seemed to have a profound effect on Admiral Luetjens. Probably at this point he also received disturbing news by radio, information of strong British concentrations moving to intercept him. That, in a man of his temperament, might, together with the 'plane attack, cause the full swing from elation to despair.

He called the crew together and made an extraordinary speech. He said the "Bismarck" would be forced to do battle. U-boats and 'planes, he hoped, would come to help meet the British onslaught. If not,

the "Bismarck" would take more than one of her opponents to the bottom with her. "Men, remember your oath; be true to the Fuhrer to death."

The effect of this on the young men was devastating. They had been told that they were invincible, that their ship was unsinkable. Now, suddenly, there was talk of dying!

To repair the Admiral's blunder, a message was circulated among the men. Help, it said, was on the way. A flotilla of U-boats was approaching; 'planes were coming — soon there'd be 200 of them overhead.

It is probable that this statement was made out of whole cloth. But the crew believed it. Their spirits went up. All day men peered toward the horizon.

Since the encounter with the "Hood," the "Bismarck" had sailed south west then south. Now, three days after the battle, she was headed towards Finisterre, hoping to reach the French coast and creep along it to a safe harbour. But as darkness settled down that evening a squadron of Swordfish made another sudden attack, scoring three hits. Two torpedoes did little damage, but the third struck the steering gear, jamming the rudders at an angle. The ship began to turn in circles.

There was frantic activity on board. The Knight's Insignia of the Iron Cross was promised the man who could repair the rudders. Engines were stopped and a diver went overside. He put forth immense efforts, but when the "Bismarck" resumed way she still moved in circles.

Now the organised life of the ship was disrupted. There was shouting and aimless running around. In the midst of the confusion came an ironic note, a radio message from the Fuhrer: "All our thoughts are with our victorious comrades."

They tried desperately to steer with the engines. But the ship limped along slowly, yawing from side to side like a drunken man.

An hour after midnight a flotilla of British destroyers came out of the dark. They circled the "Bismarck" like a pack of dogs around a wounded bear, darting in now and then to

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## Last Days of the "Bismarck"

(Continued from Page 15.)

discharge torpedoes. More compartments were hit and flooded. There were increasing casualties.

The ship's command tried to give the crew's morale another shot in the arm. This time the message was specific: "Early in the morning tugs will come to our assistance, and fourscore 'planes."

Some of the crew believed it. Luetjen didn't. He made one grand gesture, a message to Hitler: "We shall fight to the last shell. Long live the Fuhrer, the Chief of the Fleet."

After that he cracked. He was heard through his door, shouting hysterically: "Do what you like, I'm through."

The next morning was overcast and a cold wind whipped the ocean into whitecaps. On the horizon appeared the heavyweights of Britain's Grand Fleet, the "Rodney" and the "George V." They opened with their 16-inch guns at about 11 miles, then moved in to half that range. A 16-inch shell weighs 2100 pounds, travels half a mile a second. Every time one struck, the "Bismarck" rocked and shuddered. But for a while she fought back, firing salvo for salvo.

The break came when a shell wrecked the main control station. That ended the "Bismarck" as a co-ordinated fighting machine. Her crew still fought the individual turrets by local control, but the shooting was wild.

The "Rodney" and "George V" moved in closer, within two miles. They sent every shell home with methodical precision. The riddled mast hung like a crazy tangle of vines

until a shell cut it off at the base and it came crashing down on the deck. Flames poured out of the funnel. One turret leaned over, its guns cocked towards the sky. No vessel had ever taken such punishment before and remained afloat.

Now morale went to pieces. The crew of one turret mutinied, ran away. After a moment's hesitation their officer ran too. In another turret, when the men refused to obey the officer shot them down.

Soon the ship began to keel slowly to port and water poured in through shell holes and sprung plates. It flooded deck after deck, sucking and gurgling through the labyrinth of chambers and passages. Some compartments were shut off and many men were drowned as water rose to the ceilings. Others fought their way up to the air, jamming the companionways.

The top deck became an inferno. Holes opened, men's clothes were ripped off by explosions. Wounded men and boys were shrieking and the dead lay everywhere.

The panic-driven mob tried to get back below decks. But the ladders were packed with men fighting their way up from the rising water below. They fought each other and fell off the ladders in struggling masses.

By now the ship was almost over on her beam. Many were already struggling in the water, others crawling out over the black, glistening bulge of the hull. Slowly the bow tilted up. Stern first the "Bismarck" slid beneath the surface.

The British ships moved in to rescue. About a hundred Germans caught ropes thrown to them and were hauled up. Then U-boats were reported approaching and the British,

unwilling to be caught motionless, moved away, leaving hundreds of Germans still struggling hopelessly in the sea.

The rescued men were haggard and hollow-eyed, as if they had gone through months of torture. Days later, after they had been put to bed, rested, given restoratives, they were still dazed. They hardly spoke, even to each other. They reminded one observer of the legend of the Zombies, the living-dead of the West Indies who walk without souls. It was more than physical shock that they had suffered. There had been shattered the faith on which their lives had been built — the belief in their own invincibility.

## Meet the Jeep

(Continued from page 13.)

"Think we've got something here?" he asked, getting out of the bantam. I certainly did.

When war ends, jeeps will still be useful. They would aid certain kinds of farming which need practical Model T Ford type transportation. With a few trimmings for looks, and the spur of low gasoline consumption, they might even make good in cities.

The jeep has helped mightily to lay the legend of tank invincibility. Brigadier General Ira T. Wyche, commanding the 1st Provisional Anti-Tank Group, says cheerfully. "We might retire if attacked by heavy opposing infantry, but never if the assault is by tanks." Already the jeep has made major changes in army concepts of cross-country mobility. It also fits into the traditional American notion of individual action in war.

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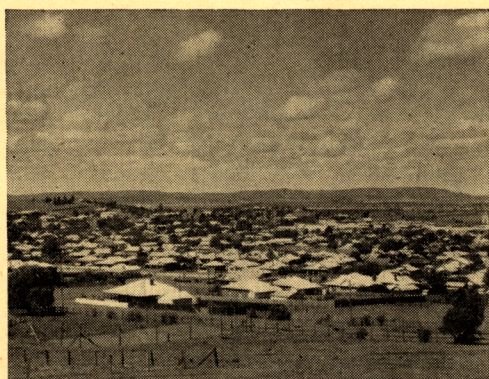
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## PEERLESS PARKES

**N**ESTLING below an amphitheatre of hills, with wide streets and ornamental trees, in an atmosphere of civic pride, the town well deserves the title "Peerless Parkes."

Fifteen miles from the Lachlan River, the Coobang flowing from the Bumberry Ranges past the town, and enjoying an altitude of 1,000 feet above sea level, the climate of Parkes is ideal.

It is a reasonably safe presumption to say that Surveyor-General John Oxley in 1817, with members of his expedition, were the first white men to traverse the Parkes district, but until the 1860's the countryside remained an unpeopled wilderness. Gold was won at Forbes some 20 miles to the southward in 1860, and as more and more thousands of eager seekers arrived on the field, ambitious men widened out in their fossicking. One of the earliest finders of gold was James Pugh, for whose claim, appropriately named "The Pioneer," he received a Government reward of £500. Other valuable claims were pegged out, and then in 1871, Messrs. Bowman and Sense discovered the "No Mistake" alluvial lead about five miles west of the present town of Parkes.

About this time the district was visited by Sir Henry—then Mr. Parkes—and as a mark of appreciation to this great statesman, the prospective town of Parkes was named after him.

At a later date the main street received the name of the Premier's wife—Clarinda.

The year 1871 welcomed the first settlers, J. Nash and family, who after a long tedious journey, arrived at about three miles north of Parkes.

James Wallace opened the first store, H. H. Cooke started a bakery at Kurrajong and G. Wilkinson a butchery; business houses were continually added, and in 1872 came the Post Office—thus a small town was quickly established.

In 1874 A. Genge arrived, and selected 320 acres at Parkes-borough, and to test the soil a crop was sown.

A certain amount of antipathy developed between the gold miners and the farmers, the miners considering that the farming of the land interfered with prospecting. As a result of representations by the miners, the Mines Department proclaimed a reserved area for gold-mining purposes. This put a complete block to land settlement for a time, but despite such opposition the farmers carried on to prove the district safe and profitable.

Long before the Government established a school at Parkes, there was as far back as 1874 a tiny centre of learning provided by a gentleman named Peacock. On June 24th 1882 Lord Loftus, Governor of N.S.W. received a deputation from 101 residents of Parkes asking that the privilege of local Government be granted to this thriving and prosperous township.

As a result, in 1883 Parkes was proclaimed a Municipality, with H. H. Cooke as first Mayor.

Until 1884 the land was locked by the huge pastoral holdings—30,000 to 300,000 acres—but in that year the Land Act divided these holdings, one half being thrown open for free selection. Owing to transport difficulties, agriculture did not come into its own during this period. The wool clip had to be hauled by bullock teams to the railhead at Borenore and the chaff was purchased from Orange at £25 a ton.

That life-giving artery—the railway—reached Parkes in 1893, and Cobb & Co.'s coaches after 20 years of faithful service, were no longer seen. And then with the passing of the Homestead Selection Act the complete transformation of the Parkes district was effected and long neglected areas soon bore the burden of golden grain.

Representations by Mr. Iram Nash made in 1900 resulted in the formation of a milk separating factory on Billabong Creek, and from this humble beginning came the manufacture of butter, which industry with varying fortune has progressed until it has reached its eminence of to-day.

The two decades following this saw an expansion in primary and secondary industries under the influence of increasing railway facilities and a buoyant wheat market.

In 1911 the Gas Works were established, to be supplanted by electricity in 1924. About this period great interest was being displayed in the growing of lucerne following on the sowing of experimental crops by W. W. Watson and H. K. Nock.

There are to-day many thousands of acres under lucerne, and the success of this valuable fodder plant has had a marked influence on dairying and fat lamb raising.

In 1933 Jubilee celebrations were held in Parkes to commemorate the founding of the Municipality which, in the short space of 50 years, had become the greatest wheat producing district in the Commonwealth.

In addition to wheat, these rich areas produce oats, barley and lucerne. Indeed recent figures show that in the police district alone there are 106,038 acres under wheat, with 1,460 acres of barley, 4,436 of oats and 547 of lucerne, whilst the butter output totalled 34,021 lbs.—surely a tribute to these rich agricultural lands.

The district supports many thousands of sheep in addition to cattle, dairy cows, horses and pigs. Culinary vegetables, poultry, honey and tobacco are produced in Parkes whilst the secondary industries include frozen meat, flour, bricks and agricultural implements. Magnesite is worked extensively, and copper, tin, silver, lead, zinc, platinum, iron, limestone, marble, granite and coloured clays are found.

Parkes also has turned its attention to town beautification, and the Municipal Council has planted many hundreds of trees in the streets as well as developing new parks and gardens.

There are fine homes in Parkes and up-to-date commercial institutions, while on the summit of Memorial Hill is the Soldiers' Memorial, from the top of which the Lamp of Remembrance burns continuously. And so, in the words of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Phillip Game, at the Parkes Jubilee celebrations in 1933, it can be said of this progressive town, "The pioneers did well to name this town after that great statesman, Sir Henry Parkes, who founded the first real democracy in Australia, leading the way in land tenure, education, public health and defence."

Well does Parkes deserve the title "Peerless."



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